

WASHINGTON'S CONTRIBUTION TO ST. LOUIS IN ART



PROGRESS.



ADOLPHE DE NESTI, the Sculptor.



CUBA.

Long and Honorable Roll of Sculptors and Architects Whose Work Will Beautify the Exposition.

MUCH of the sculpture of importance at St. Louis was either designed or executed by an artist resident of Washington, or one who is well known here. The same is true of the designers of the buildings, and the art work in general. Though not widely known, it is a fact, nevertheless, that Washington is one of the artistic centers of the United States, there being more sculptors of note here than in any other city of the United States. New York alone excepted. Nearly all of the resident artists of Washington have large studios, and in these 50 per cent of the sculpture of the fair was designed. Nearly all of this has been shipped to St. Louis, and about all of it has been put in place. Two of the latest groups to be completed are the work of Adolphe de Nesti, who while not a resident of Washington permanently is well known, and is a frequent visitor here. The groups tell allegorically the history of Cuba. They consist of three figures, life size, each, and they are considered to be among the best at the exposition, from an artistic point of view. The groups are for the decoration of the Cuban Building, the island government making a great effort to have the structure at the exposition one of the handsomest there and the exhibits complete.

The sculptor is said to have made the designs for the groups, while in Washington last winter.

Nearly all of the art work on the Government building was completed in Washington by a resident. This resident is another well-known sculptor, James F. Earley. Mr. Earley produced more groups than any other one man. His groups are also among the largest. In all violent action has been avoided purposely, in order to have it harmonize more thoroughly with the pure classical style of the buildings.

The main entrance to the Government building consists of a portico of eight Ionic columns, 5 feet in diameter and 45 feet high, surmounted by an entablature and attic.

The attic is enriched by eight colossal female figures eleven feet high, representing Music, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Agriculture, Manufacture, Transportation, and Commerce.

On each side of the central portico and just above the top of the attic are groups of four figures each. A seated female figure fourteen feet high, representing America, with a torch in one hand and an eagle at her feet, is surrounded by three young athletes, each ten feet six inches high, typifying the youth and strength of the Republic. Each has a laurel wreath in his hand.

The dome is surmounted by a quadriga. A Goddess of Liberty, fourteen feet high, bearing a torch in one hand and an eagle in the other, stands in the triumphal chariot drawn by four colossal

horses. The horses are guided by two nude male figures, each twelve feet high. Some of the designs from which Mr. Earley worked were furnished by the office of the Supervising Architect, and they have been superintended by a representative of that office during their production.

The work of the Supervising Architect, James Knox Taylor, is known throughout the United States. He designs the public buildings for every city and town for which Congress appropriates the money. The very fact that he holds the responsible position of Supervising Architect is a guarantee of his character, ability, and standing as an architect.

The sculptor, James F. Earley, is scarcely less distinguished. He was the youngest pupil ever admitted to the Royal Academy, having entered that institution on the merits of his portfolio at the age of fourteen. He remained there eight years and afterward studied in Paris and other art centers of the Old World. When nineteen years of age he made for a church in Dublin marble statues of the Virgin and St. John which were highly praised by critics.

Washington has many other American cities possess numerous specimens of his artistic skill. One of his masterpieces is the sculptural ornamentation of the Franciscan Monastery near this city, both exterior and interior. Photographs of this were sent to Pope Leo XIII. who presented to Mr. Earley a medal of honor and other evidences of his appreciation. Father Godfrey has commenced a monastery in Cairo, Egypt, similar to the one near Washington, for which Mr. Earley has been engaged to make sculptural ornaments, chancel, high altar, statues, etc.

Mr. Earley is experienced in exposition work, and is warmly interested in the sculptural designs for the Government building at the St. Louis Exposition.

Mr. Taylor has made the design for the Fisheries building severely classic. It is as simple and beautiful in outline as the Greek temple at Poseidon, which still crowns Sunium's Marbled Steep.

This is connected with the United States Government building by a colonnade. Mr. Earley has ably aided and abetted Mr. Taylor's architectural design by making every crest, frieze, and ornament accord with it. Beautiful groups of naiads, mermaids, mermen, sportive dolphins, sea shells and tridents adorn every available place. The effect is graceful, pleasing, classic and suggestive.

It is safe to predict that the Government building will rank with any to be erected on the exposition grounds in point of architectural design and sculptural beauty.

Another sculptor who has done much to beautify the fair is L. Aratich, of Washington. His studio in this city contains models of the finest statues he has made for Galveston, Richmond, and other Southern cities. His Gloria Victa is the apotheosis of the gentle-Confederate warrior.

His equestrian statue of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart is very fine. He is busy now, with work for the St. Louis Exposition. Colossal groups from his chisel will adorn some of the great palaces of the exposition, and in the Hall of Statuary at St. Louis will be exhibited several of his masterpieces in bronze and marble.

Nearly \$100,000 was paid to Washington designers and sculptors for their efforts to beautify the Exposition buildings, and they have produced what is termed a picture gallery nearly two miles in length. It is said that never before in the history of exposition has adornment been undertaken on such a vast scale. The number of

sculptors who have the work of the exposition is 194. Some of their examples are splendid. Take for instance the equestrian statue of Louis IX of France, which is the first notable work seen on entering the grounds by the main formal entrance. This was a subject of careful study by its author, Charles H. Niehaus, of New York, a sculptor famous for his skill and ability in handling historical subjects. To give an accurate and truthful portrayal of the monarch in whose honor the city of St. Louis was named required much research on the part of the sculptor, and as to the costume of the sainted king and the physical and intellectual qualities he possessed, which had all to be expressed in the pose and modeling of the statue. The sculptor succeeded so well that his work is pronounced to be one of the best achievements of contemporary American sculpture.

Looking up on the main court the next conspicuous work to meet the gaze of the visitor is the Louisiana Purchase Monument. In this work is commemorated especially the momentous negotiations consummated 100 years ago, whereby the bounds of the United States were extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A beautiful figure of Peace surmounts the monument, the work of Karl Bitter, chief of sculptors of the Exposition, who is also the sculptor of the groups at the base of the monument, the principal one portraying Livingston, Monroe, and Barbours in the act of signing the purchase treaty.

Looking on still farther across the wide basin of water, and raising the eye to the brow of the hill which closes the view in that direction, one sees the majestic Hall of Festivals, flanked by the wings of the noble colonnade terminating at either end in ornate pavilions.

Here, again, the historical character of the exposition is expressed in architecture and sculpture, each part of which

Adolphe de Nesti Has Executed Some Very Striking Groups for the Handsome Cuban Building.

is designed to convey some appropriate idea in connection with the great event celebrated by the exposition as a whole.

The Hall of Festivals is the key-note of the entire jubilant composition, extending from one ocean to the other the way of the Goddess of Liberty. The noble men of this goddess is portrayed for us in the statue at the head of the central cascades by H. A. MacNeil.

At the head of the wide cascades which extend to the beautiful slopes are statues by Isidore Konti, typifying respectively the Spirit of the Atlantic and the Spirit of the Pacific, those two great oceans bounding the land of liberty. The statuary of the side cascades, by Konti, is especially fine, and the graceful girl floating upon an albatross and representing the Pacific is a typical example of the sculpture.

The colonnade extending around the brow of the hill and known as the Colonnade of States has fourteen seated figures, each statue representing one of the fourteen States and Territories formed out of the Louisiana Purchase Territory. Among these statues are: North Dakota, by Bruno L. Zimm, of New York, and Indian Territory, by C. A. Heber, of New York.

At the foot of the cascades and bordering on the Grand Basin in front is a notable series of sculptural figures portraying pioneer frontier life by that very original and American sculptor, Solon H. Borglum. There are four of these groups, the "Buffalo Dance," by Indians, "A Step to Civilization," showing an Indian chief directing an Indian

boy to follow the way of the white man's civilization; "The Cowboy at Rest," and "A Peril of the Plains," a pioneer caught in a blizzard.

In various parts of the grounds portrait statues call to mind the deeds of explorers, pioneers and statesmen identified with the early history of the country, among which are a fine figure of the Sieur de la Salle, by Louis A. Gudebrod, and the statue of Benjamin Franklin by the well-known New York sculptor, John J. Boyle.

Indeed, one cannot study the Louisiana Purchase Exposition without having impressed upon the memory most important lessons in history, art, and patriotism.

And then there is the purely poetic side, which is represented in the statuary. Many figures and groups are simply for our enjoyment, no attempt being made to impress any lessons. Again, some buildings, like the Electricity, have statuary which is poetical and yet symbolic of something practical, like Luke-man's statues of "Heat" and "Power" and "Light," while Bela L. Pratt has executed for the same building some very poetic figures and groups typifying very poetic figures and groups typifying "Light and Darkness," the "Wonders of Lightning," and the "Wonders of the Aurora Borealis." There is apparently no limit to the way in which poetical or scientific ideas may be expressed if only the artists are imbued with poetry and imagination. Happily, those chosen to work for this exposition at St. Louis have been so endowed.

THE PLEBEIAN HEN AND HER EASTER GIFT TO THE COUNTRY

THE mightiest Easter gift of the lot is the Easter gift that the American hen has presented to the United States.

If the Government were to decide to color up all the eggs that are being laid by her in one day, to present to the children of the country, the whole regular army couldn't do the work, unless each soldier could manage to color seven hundred eggs, which is a pretty big contract.

As the country will consume not one day's, but several days', laying of eggs, the standing army would be literally overwhelmed, hidden, crushed by the work of the hen.

Can Care for Many.

Her work produces enough eggs in any two days to give one to every human being from Alaska to Porto Rico, not leaving out the Eskimos of Bering Straits.

Forty-two and one-half millions of eggs a day is her average now. That gigantic one day's work weighs 2,658 tons—almost as much as the tonnage of a United States cruiser like the Atlanta.

While industrial combinations and financial operations have filled the air with their clamorous processes, the hen has scratched along in humble privacy, and she has beaten even the record of king wheat, for the value of her modest specialty has turned out to be greater than the whole value of the whole wheat crop of twenty-eight States and Territories in one year.

Value of the Egg.

The gold and silver mines of the country aren't worth mentioning in comparison with the simple bird. Only once in fifty years has the value of the gold and silver of the United States beaten the value of its eggs.

Figures cannot give any idea of the enormous value of this American citizen, for the figures are too big to bring delight or understanding to anyone except a benighted and violent statistician.

For instance, what does 233,598,005 mean? Yet that is the number of chickens of laying age in the United States, according to the last census, which enumerated them as well as the rest of us.

The value in dollars of that noble aggregation of laying talent was \$70,000,000.

A Marvel of Eggs.

The wonderful flock of birds laid more than one and one-quarter billion dozens of eggs in one year. This isn't a dream—not even that kind of a dream which begins "It is estimated." For these figures are not "estimated." They are exact statistics collected through the various departments of the Government day by day as the eggs were put on the market.

That would entitle every man, woman, and child in the country, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and from Canada to Mexico, to 203 eggs in the year.

Uncle Sam has figured up not only all the hens of laying age, but all the poultry of all ages in the country, not scoring either the broilers or the Metchals that pour into the market after a well-spent and long life to pose on the stalls as spring chickens.

As the result of this count he finds that the poultry of the United States numbers more than a quarter of a billion—250,681,532 to be exact. And the value is \$85,890,000—enough to give every inhabitant of this country a little more than \$1.12 as his share if they were sold for the account of the public.

Going back to the hens of egg-laying age alone, and leaving out the tender infants that are only consumers and not producers, Uncle Sam's men find that these industrious and non-striking workers have produced almost \$127,000,000 in the form of marketable progeny

and a little more than \$144,000,000 worth of eggs. The exact total of their production in dollars is \$233,734,247.

Greater Than Trusts.

And that, on the original valuation of the "plant" of \$70,000,000 means that the American hen has simply knocked into a cocked hat the income producing capacity of trusts, mines, manufacturing combinations, Wall Street and any except the widest freaks of speculative stock, for the income produced by the hen is 400 per cent on the original investment, with a little bagatelle of \$175,347 left over for pin money.

If a person could get a bird's-eye view of the shipping ports of this country at any day in the year, he would see droves of cattle, horses, and mules go thundering up gangplanks and being hauled in silos up the side of ships. Steers and cows by the thousand stream into ships at wharves in all the big cities. Mules and horses in unending procession day after day go into ships in all the ports clean around the coast from Portland, Me., to Galveston, Tex. And still more herds go into still more ships on the Pacific shores.

No Day of Rest.

Criss-crossing each other, north, east, west, and south, all over the continent, rush trains filled with them, not only day after day, but unendingly through the day and the night, with never a Sunday, never a holiday to give the wheeling wheels and the singing rails a moment's rest.

Hogs, and sheep, and mules, and cows, and steers, and horses—count them, watch them trampling, rushing to the sea, and then turn to the figures gathered by the Census and Treasury department and find that all that jostling, never-ceasing stream of great brutes from millions of acres of pasture, does not amount in value to one-quarter of the value of the eggs laid by the little hen.

And if you add the value of the hen herself to the value of the eggs, that whole aggregation of horns and hoofs, all those tons of flesh, do not amount in value to one-eighth of what fowl and egg are worth.

Sweep your eye over the vast extent of continent from the great ranches under the Rocky Mountains, over the plains of Texas, over the domains of railroad and slaughter houses from Omaha to Chicago. Take in with it the immense city of Chicago itself, with its duchies and principalities of stockyards and abattoirs and factories, and laboratories and warehouses, and shops and railroad yards, and wharves, and refrigerating plants—all devoted to selling the living beast and converting him to a thousand uses, hide, horns, hoof, tallow, and meat.

Take in the roads that bear miles on miles of cars full of that product, warehouses scattered along a thousand miles of land; warehouses fronting every navigable nook on the oceans; refrigerator ships that are monsters, all stuffed full as they can hold; watch them tear through the seas of the world, flooding the ports from London to Singapore.

Hen in the Lead.

Now go back to the dun-colored cackler that roosts in tiny ramshackle houses and drops her golden egg into any old box that the farmer happens to have picked up; and behold! all the tons of canned and salted beef; all the tallow; all the bacon and hams; all the canned and salted and fresh pork; all the sausages and the sausage meat; yes, and all the casings for those sausages and the hundred "fixings" that are exported as the result of the mad hustle, hustle, hustle, across the continents of locomotive and car, and exported by a hundred different lines of ships, do not come within 120,000 tons of the weight of the eggs laid during the year in the United States.

Weight of the Egg.

For the weight of all those animal products is "only" 346,860 tons; and the weight of the one and a quarter billion dozens of eggs, at the average weight of eight to the pound, is 570,363 tons.

That would extinguish the entire United States Navy, from Kearsarge and Alabama down to the tiniest torpedo boat. If all the yolk were to be hurled down on it at once, there wouldn't be a rivet left.

In dollars those eggs equal 57 per cent

of the entire income produced by all the exports of all the meat products, from the pig's tail to the sirloin steak. Add the value of the poultry to the eggs, and the meat products are beaten, and the meat products are beaten. Throw in the remote animal products that are exported annually—horns, hoofs, bristles, bones, and even glue; add wool and things made out of wool; then add every kind of leather; pile on it all even the exported boots and shoes, and with all those allies, the mass can beat the value of the poultry products by only \$15,000,000.

Wool Isn't in It.

Not so many years ago, in the midst of a battle over tariffs, the whole country was shaken by the fight over wool; and it was well worth while, for the wool product amounts to \$45,750,000 annually.

All the world's animal products that have in turn come to these shores from goats herded in Morocco and Switzerland to leather from every place where leather can be obtained, including even the skins of the wild animals, including, too, all the cheese from every lane, even China—they aggregate \$127,509,563 in value, less than half the value of the chicken and egg.

Value of the White Oval.

It is almost sad to think of the arguments and all their strivings and battles and passions; and of the Alaskan adventures, with their Klondikes and Nomes, their ripping open of the frozen north itself, their war against ice and blizzard and wilderness for gold, when we study the little seven-pound hen and discover that all the gold and silver that engineers and miners and statesmen and dynamite and thundering stamp mills have wrested from a whole continent do not equal in combined value, year by year, the value of the tiny, white oval that is gathered in aprons and baskets every morning in every hamlet, without a single adventure that is worth the telling.

Only in one year—that of 1900—since the records were kept by the Government, has it happened that the American mines could beat the hen. In that

exceptional year the precious metals were ahead by \$9,500,000.

Even in the ages of gold, when galena after galena bore it from Africa and the golden Americas, when bus-conductors built—pirate cities from the spoils, when the rich of the earth counted their wealth not by ounces, but by ligots or bars—even then all the gold and silver that the whole world could produce, from hemisphere to hemisphere, never came up in value to the combined value of the poultry and eggs of the United States in the year past.

Since America was discovered there have been only two years—1888 and 1893—when the poultry and the poultry products fell below the worth of all the mines of all the world combined in the former, the mines outdid the hen by almost \$6,000,000.

In the latter year, a perfect wonder of a year for gold and silver output, almost \$25,000,000 marked the excess over the value of the poultry products.

Fed a Large Army.

The hen could pay for a whole war with her peaceful industry in a year. More than that, she helped to feed an army throughout one recent bitter war that shook a continent. That was in South Africa.

Newspapers and magazines and books were full of the battles; but nobody mentioned that, all the time, the chickens of Missouri were feeding the British army where it lay in battle array. They fed it with crystallized eggs, and the more Tommy Atkins ate the more the Missouri hen laid.

Yet the State of Missouri holds only sixth place among the American States in point of egg production. Ohio is first in them. Missouri leads in chickens, and Ohio has to take third place in that respect.

Ohio's leadership in eggs is in point of value in dollars. In the number of dozens Iowa is the leader of them all; but she holds only second place in the number of chickens owned.

Nevada in the Rear.

Nevada, truculent old Nevada, hasn't quite gotten down to the chickens yet. She has less than any other State.

But she got the highest price for her eggs, for during the year her average was 20.5-10 cents a dozen. Scarcity of eggs does not explain high prices always, for Montana leads eleven other States in egg production, and yet got the second highest average price, 20.9-10 cents a dozen.

Eggs were cheapest in Texas, where they cost 7.7-10 cents a dozen on an average.

A Marvel of Eggs.

And now comes a puzzle for the housewife.

Uncle Sam has figured out exactly what the average price a dozen has been for a year and he finds that it was 15-10 cents a dozen. Then why, oh, why, are eggs so high when you buy them to eat?

Uncle Sam and all his men respectfully decline to answer. The Census Bureau and the Treasury Department and the Secretary of the Interior all give it up. And now to wind up the big wonder story of the American hen and her true blue American egg, here is a little wonder story. It is about Alaska.

The census man went into Alaska and found all the hens. It was a hard job to find them, but not a bit hard to count the total; for there were only 136 fowls in all Alaska on June 1, 1900.

A man could have put all the hens of that country into a cart and carried them with ease. Their combined value was \$198. But that little pocket edition of henery, with its little toy shop capital, produced a total income in one year of \$238—\$300 for eggs and \$179 for chickens.

The Easter Bird.

Eggs were high there. They averaged 43 cents a dozen. The chickens that were hatched, but not a bit hard to count the total; for there were only 136 fowls in all Alaska on June 1, 1900.

The rabbit is the great Easter beast of poets and artists, but the American hen has made good her claim to be considered the Easter bird of the world.